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H. W. Wilson

1899

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# Life's Little Day

A Book of Seriousness from Catholic Sources

Selected and Arranged

by

*Donis*  
D. J. Scannell O'Neill

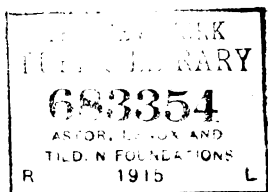
Author of "Converts to Rome in America" "Our Country & Citizenship," "Watch words from Doctor Brownson"

Second Edition, 1941

The time is short. Life's little day is closing,  
And night doth hasten on.  
Eternal years of God shall bring reposing,—  
Christian, what hast thou done?

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

TECHNY, ILLINOIS

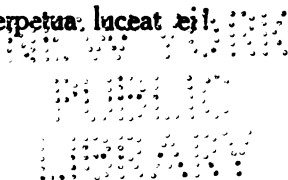


NOV 1915  
MUSEUM  
HARVARD

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

---

Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine, et lux  
perpetua: luceat ei!



## The Two Worlds

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Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine  
In glory and in grace:  
This gaudy world grows pale before  
The beauty of Thy face.

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be  
A: ~~sort~~ of fairy ground,  
Where: ~~sun~~ is ~~unsetting~~ light the sky  
And ~~flowers~~ and ~~fruits~~ abound.

But when: Thy ~~keener~~, purer beam  
Is pour'd upon our sight,  
It loses all its power to charm,  
And what was day is night.

CARDINAL, NEWMAN.







# Life's Little Day

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Knowing the time: that it is now the hour for us to awake from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we first believed. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. As in the day let us walk becomingly.

ROM. 13. 11—13.



Blessed Master of my life, save me this day from the spirit of idleness, discouragement, ambition, and from all vain and frivolous talk. Grant me, I pray Thee, a spirit of temperance, humility, patience, purity, and love. O, my one Lord and King, give me grace to see my offenses, and not to judge or blame my brother, for Thine own sake, who art blessed forever. Amen.

Let us so do Thy will from day to day,  
To Thee, O Jesus, Mary's Son we pray,  
That in our little lives Thou mayest trace  
Some faint, sweet semblance of our Mother's grace.

SUSAN L. EMERY.



Every day is a gift I receive from  
Heaven; let me enjoy today that which it  
bestows on me; it belongs not more to  
others than to me, and tomorrow belongs  
to no one.

ABBÉ DE MAUCROIX.



Only from day to day  
The life of a wise man runs;  
What matter if seasons far away  
Have glooms or have double suns?

Like a tide our work should be—  
Each later wave the best;  
Today is a king in disguise,  
Today is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life:  
The present makes the flaw,  
And the only field for strife  
Is the inch before the saw.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



Every one is made for his day; he does  
the work in his day; what he does is not  
the work of any other day, but of his own  
day.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

THE AVE MARIA.



Live the true life of a man today. Not  
yesterday's life only, lest you become a  
murmurer, nor tomorrow's lest you become

a visionary; but the life of today, with happy yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

FATHER FABER.



Each day is like a furrow lying before us; our thoughts, desires, and actions are the seed that each minute we drop into it, without seeming to perceive it. The furrow finished, we begin upon another, then another, and again another; each day presents a fresh one, and so on to the end of life sowing, ever sowing. And all we have sown springs up, grows and bears fruit, almost unknown to us, even if by chance we cast a backward glance we fail to recognize our work.

GOLD DUST.



Sow with a generous hand;  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Sow and look onward, upward;  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown today in tears.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



We should find great peace if we would imbue ourselves with this thought, that we are here solely to accomplish the Will of God; that that Will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his work unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully.

FREDERIC OZANAM.



One day is the same as another. Prayer, worldly business, calls to be devout, charitable, and faithful; these are the duties that each hour brings in its turn, and if I am faithful in their fulfilment, God will always be ready to help me, and then what signifies a little weariness, pain, or misfortune?

GOLD DUST.



You will always be glad in the evening, if you have spent the day profitably.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.



There is not a day nor a moment, in which man receives not new blessings from God, for He creates him each day and moment, by preserving him in being. Each moment does God minister to him through His creatures, through the heaven, the air, the earth, the sea, and all that is therein.

FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



He who desires to advance in the knowledge of God, ought to begin each day of his life with renewed vigor; he should hold himself in the presence of God, as much as possible, and desire no other end, in all his actions save the glory of God.

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO.



Look upon yourself as a hired servant of God, to whom He has promised a rich reward at the end of the day He calls Life; each morning hold yourself in readiness to obey His commands, in the way He wills, and with the means He appoints.

GOLD DUST.

Remember day by day, that He who gives thee the morning, does not promise thee the evening, and though He gives the evening, yet promises not the morrow. Spend, therefore, every moment of every hour according to God's Will, as if it were thy last, and so much the more, for each moment thou wilt have to give the strictest account. FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



Happy is he who night and day entertains no other care and anxiety, but how he may be able to render a satisfactory account of his life, when he stands before the Judge.

SAINT BASIL.



For safety and for swiftness, for clear light and successful labor, there is nothing like the present. Practically speaking, the moment that is flying holds more of eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all, and only becomes capable of holding any as it is manufactured piece meal into the present. FATHER FABER.



Another day begins for me.

What day shall be my last?

Grant, Lord, that each new day may see  
My heart more pure, more dear to Thee;

And oh! forgive the past!

FR. RUSSELL, S. J.



If I am to indulge in any of the pleasures  
of the present life, I am resolved to do it  
in such a way that the solemn realities of  
the future Judgment may never be banished  
from my thoughts.

SAINT JEROME.



Lament and count that day lost, in which  
you have not in some way denied yourself  
for the love of God.

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN DE PAZZI.



O Christ, our King, most meek and kind,  
Do Thou possess our inmost mind,  
That we may render Thee our praise  
Through every moment of our days.

SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND.

Employ well the present moment without being uneasy about the future.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.



Why force the day to receive more than the distress which is allotted to it, and together with its own trouble add to it also the burden of the following day?

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



Moments make the year, and each passing one is the scene of a little deed, all of which together form the character and destiny of man.

SANTE VIOLA.



Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,  
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;  
Choose not the cross for the coming week,  
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load;  
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.  
Daily only He said to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

LEAFLETS.

Merry little moments,  
Slipping through my hand;  
Filling up an hour-glass  
With a grain of sand;  
Counting all my actions,  
Burying the day,  
Merry little moments,  
Stealing life away.

Silent little warnings,  
From a voice within;  
Urging me to goodness,  
Saving me from sin;  
Telling of a glory,  
Brighter than the even,  
Silent little warnings,  
Guiding me to heaven.

FATHER HUGH MAGEVNEY, S. J.



Thou hast shortened the days of his  
time.

PSALM 88, 46.



Nothing is more precious than time, yet  
nothing is less esteemed by men.

SAINT BERNARD.

Now is the acceptable time, behold Now  
is the day of salvation. 2 COR. 6, 2.



I value time next to eternity.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



Days and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead:  
O how soon shall we be lying  
Each within his narrow bed!



Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;  
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice!

As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapor so it flies:  
For the bygone years retreating,  
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin;

Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.

FATHER EDWARD CASWALL.



What is time for you and me? All space before and after us has no meaning for us. The little space beginning with our birth and ending with death is all we have. Two figures will express time for all of us. It may be 35; it may be 60, perhaps 70, but two figures represent time or life for all of us. What is Eternity? That which has no end. Will figures express it? No, for we can always add another number to what we have written. So no number of figures will express Eternity. And on that little span that we call life depends Eternity. What is the meaning of life? That is a lesson that we never must forget. We must so conduct ourselves that we will win Eternity.

FATHER ARTHUR O'NEILL, O. P.



For though we sleep, or wake, or roam,  
or ride,  
Aye fleeth the time; it will no man abide.

CHAUCEER.



I and my time against any two men.  
PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.



God, who is liberal in all His other gifts,  
shows us by the wise economy of His  
Providence, how circumspect we ought to  
be in the management of our time, for He  
never gives us two moments together.

FENELON.



Time and Tide stay no man's pleasure.  
BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL.



Time is a file that emits no sound.  
ITALIAN PROVERB.



How blind men are to do so little with  
their time! One day they will have to render

an account of the unprofitable use they have made of it. This time, short though it may be, can merit eternity for us, but time once passed will never return.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.



The whole world is nothing; all that which is measured by Time must come to an end. All that which appears the most solid is but like to a passing figure when we desire to enjoy it, like to a fleeting shadow which vanishes.

BOSSUET.



Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thy hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.

BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL.



To learn never to waste our time is perhaps one of the most difficult virtues to acquire. A well-spent day is a source of pleasure. To be constantly employed, and never asking "What shall I do?" is

the source of much goodness and happiness.

GOLD DUST.



Every moment of time is more precious than treasures of gold. Many a man purchased an eternity of happiness by the proper use of one second of time; by yielding, in one second, to the grace of God; by a sudden conversion of the heart; by suffering a martyr's death; by the performance of one heroic act of love for his Maker: and those are the priceless moments the sinner squanders! Those moments will never return—once fled they are passed forever; and, what is more, for every moment man must render strict account to his Eternal Judge on the last day.

FATHER MICHAEL B. BUCKLEY.



An improper use of time is the source of all the disorders which reign among men. It is a treasure which we would wish to retain forever, yet which we cannot suffer to remain in our possession.



This time, however, of which we make so little moment, is the only means of eternal salvation. We lose it without regret, which is a crime; we employ it only for worldly purposes, which is a madness.

Let us employ the time which God allows us, because it is only given us that we may be saved; that is to say, let us be sensible of the value of time, and let us not lose it; let us know the use of it, and employ it only for the purpose for which it was given.

By these means we shall avoid the dangers of a slothful and the inconvenience of a hurried life.

MASSILLON.



Time is full of eternity. As we use it so we shall be. Every day has its opportunities, every hour its offer of grace. The Council of Sens applies the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," to the continuous action of the Holy Ghost upon the heart. This is true of every living soul. The faithful have, all through life and all the day long, this constant invita-

tion and aid to lay up for themselves a greater reward in eternity. As a man soweth so shall he also reap, both in quantity and in kind. All men have their seedtime and their harvest in time and for eternity. If we lose the seedtime we lose the harvest. Another seedtime and another harvest may be granted to us. But it is another. That which is lost is lost forever.

CARDINAL MANNING.



Let us deal wisely and well with the fleeting hours, knowing that their impress will be upon us when we stand in the white light of Truth. SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON.



The hours are like slaves which follow each other, bringing fuel to the furnace. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's Will fastened on its back. If we thus esteem our great grace, we shall begin to understand God's purpose.

FATHER FABER.



Hours are golden links ;  
God's tokens reaching heaven.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



Shun delays, they breed remorse ;  
Take thy time while time is lent thee.

BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL.



Never delay, even for a moment ; for  
that one little delay will soon be followed  
by another, and then by a third, and then by  
others.

FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



Put not off till tomorrow, for the mor-  
row never comes to its completion.

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



Let us only think of achieving the pres-  
ent day well ; and when tomorrow shall have  
come, it too shall be called today, and then  
we shall think of it.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.

Bye and bye never comes.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.



If you promise to do something tomorrow, do it today.

SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA.



Always act with the same tranquillity as if the present action was the only one you would have to perform, and the last of your life.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.



Rise, if the Past detains you,  
Her sunshine and storms forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret:  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife Today.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



We do not know when the world will end, but our business is to live as if it might end tomorrow.

DR. BROWNSON.



There come to all of us, from time to time, special seasons for reflection. There are certain breathing spaces in the race, the end of which will bring the rest of death. There are times when we pause, as it were, upon the road of life, and look back, half in sorrow and half, perhaps, in thankfulness, on the way we have been traveling—thinking, sadly enough, of baffled aims and blighted hopes; of the good we might have done, but did not; of the evil we need not have done, but which we did—looking back on the failures, and the falls, and the disappointments, that make the landmarks of most retrospects of life; and looking back, too, on the spots which God's grace and our coöperation have made the green spots and pleasant places of our memory; and doing all this to the end that, to use the language of Scripture, we may rise like giants to pursue our way along the path.

FATHER JOSEPH FARRELL.

Have I laid by from summer hours  
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?  
Hath my past year a growth to harden,  
As well as fewer sins to pardon?  
Is God in all things more and more,  
A king within me than before?

FATHER FABER.



If there enter your soul a sense of peace  
which makes you forget all that is behind  
you, all that is mournful and confused in  
your past, *that* is God.

FATHER DE RAVIGNAN, S. J.



Humbly and reverently attempt to trace  
His guiding hand in the years which we  
have recently lived. Let us thankfully com-  
memorate the many mercies He has vouch-  
safed to us in time past, the many sins He  
has not remembered, the many dangers He  
has averted, the many prayers He has  
answered, the many mistakes He has cor-  
rected, the much light, the abounding com-  
fort which He has from time to time given.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Consider what you are, and what God is; reflect upon the shortness of this life and the Eternity of that which is to come; the little that you have hitherto done, the uselessness of that little, and of all that Jesus Christ has done for you, and thus kindle your heart to greater love for God. It is only during this life that you can in any sense dispose of yourself.

FATHER DE CONDREN.

\* \* \*

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a noble life  
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear  
The flutter of its wings and feel it near,  
And just within our reach? It was. And yet  
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,  
And now live on in a vain regret.  
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,  
Ready for us to fill it soon or late;  
No star is ever lost we once have seen;  
We always may be what we might have been.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

❖ ❖ ❖

He who has no future, has no life; he exists, but he does not live.—DR. BROWNSON.



By all means repent of the past, by all means aspire to higher things in the future, but do so profitably, not foolishly, and let your test be this: if your thoughts about the past, or your dreams about the future, have the effect of making you more careful, more punctual, more perfect in the performance of your present daily duties, then by all means think these thoughts, and dream those dreams; but if, on the contrary, they have the effect of making you think that your present duties are not worth the doing, or not worth the doing well, then let no sentimentality that is apt to connect itself with thoughts about your spiritual past, or dreams about your spiritual future, induce you to believe that they are anything better than a delusion and a snare.

FATHER JOSEPH FARRELL.



Oh, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which



lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this?—CARDINAL NEWMAN.



When we can no longer look forward to some hoped-for good, life becomes weariness. We must advance or straightway we begin to die. Whatever man fixes his heart upon must increase or it will cease to please.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.



The noble love of Jesus impels a man to do great things, and stirs him up to be always longing for what is more perfect.

Love desires to be high, and will not be kept back by anything low and mean.

Love desires to be free, and estranged from all worldly affections, that so its inward sight may not be hindered; that it may not be entangled by any temporal prosperity, that it may not be subdued by any adversity.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing

wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in Heaven and earth; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.



If you have any ambition, any desire to be true to yourselves and worthy of your name of Catholics, open your minds and your hearts to the future that lies before you and fit yourselves to meet it!

MOTHER M. LOYOLA.



The ground of my confidence, the joy in believing in God and in His Christ, is enrooted in the hope that I may still improve; if I could be certain that I should never become wiser or more unselfish or more loving, I should despair and feel that there is no God. Since then, my capacity for self-improvement is the main-spring of my happiness, I am senseless if I do not strive day by day to grow better,

more reverent, more self-devoted, more lowly-minded, more loving.

BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.



Every one of us, with God's help, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.

EMILE SOUVESTRE.



Every man is the painter and the sculptor of his own life.

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



Let us be what we are, and let us be it well, in honor of the Master whose work we are.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



We must not wish to be everything at once, or become saints in four days.

SAINT PHILIP NERI.



Let our lives be as pure as snow-fields,  
where our footsteps leave a mark, but not  
a stain.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



Let us always remember that our lives  
are like the firmament in which are dwell-  
ing thousands of starry hosts, every one of  
which is a helpful thought, a kindly deed,  
a helpful word for others. And that their  
influence shines forth as the noonday sun.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



Our life in this world is like the ladder  
which Jacob saw in his dream: in order to  
reach heaven, it must be planted in a hum-  
bled heart; we can only mount it by dis-  
tinct steps of humility and discipline.

SAINT BENEDICT.



Life glides away in many a bend,  
In chapters which begin and end;  
Each has its trial, each its grace,  
Each in life's whole its proper place.

Life has its joinings and its breaks,  
But each transition swiftly takes  
Us nearer to or from  
The threshold of our heavenly home.

FATHER FABER.



Life has its joinings and its breaks,  
who bear no burden get safe across. Those  
who lade their shoulders are drowned.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS.



Let the flight of birds, and the flowing  
of water, remind thee that thy life is hasten-  
ing to its close with much greater swiftness.

FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



Life is a preparation for the judgment  
to come; if, then, I would prepare for that  
judgment, I must attend just to one thing,  
the manner in which I perform my daily  
duties.

FATHER JOSEPH FARRELL.



Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

MATTHEW BRIDGES.



What are thou, O Human Life? Thou art the way of life and not life itself. We must traverse thee without dwelling in thee—no one dwells on a great road: we but march on through it, to reach the country beyond.

SAINT COLUMBANUS.



Life—the frailest thing in the world—is all that is between us and hell or heaven.

PASCAL.



Life is but a troubled dream of which death will be the awakening.

FATHER JOSEPH FARRELL.



Life is a journey which commences, for each of us, the moment we enter the world, and ends only at the grave. We are like

voyagers on the ocean, wafted by the winds toward the port whilst asleep in the vessel; who, insensible of their onward movement, arrive there before they are aware. So it is with the whole of life. It runs on, impelled by a continual current, which carries us unconsciously along with it. We sleep, and while asleep time flies silently over our heads: we waken to a thousand cares, and while struggling with them, life still pursues its rapid course. We are, here below, only as travelers; everything rapidly recedes from our view, we leave everything behind us; we throw a passing glance on enameled mead, or purling brook, or whatever charms our sight; we feel pleasure in surveying it, and before we can analyze the pleasure, we lose sight of it. To charming prospects and a smiling country, often succeed rocks, ravines, precipices, rugged paths; sometimes infested with ferocious animals, or venomous reptiles: or strewn with thorns which lacerate the flesh; these things annoy or afflict us for a moment, and the next we are beyond their reach. Such is life; neither its pleasures nor its pains are durable, nor does

the road we traverse belong to us, any more than the objects with which it is diversified: other travelers have preceded us; others are advancing at the same time with ourselves; and countless multitudes will follow us.

SAINT BASIL.



Marvel not at thy life! patience shall see  
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;  
Hold fast thy soul through this high mystery,  
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.



Life is a serious thing. It must not be allowed to evaporate in a jest; but be a happy round of great duties and simple pleasures. To meet the former, a strong character must be formed. And here you draw the lines that form that character. From these your Book of Life shall be printed in letters that will last for eternity. Take care in your daily engraving to allow no scrape or blot to mar the beauty of the character you are forming. But let all the letters be clean and firm and fair; so



that men reading your life, as men are wont to read, will find therein little to criticise and much to edify and enlighten; and that you yourselves, in your old age, may be able to turn over page after page of that Book of Life, and be able to say: "It is well written, within and without—chaste thoughts, kind words, noble deeds, cheerful sacrifices for God and Man." CANON SHEEHAN.



Every man must carry with him the world in which he must live, the stage and the scenery for his own play.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.



Do not let your heart be disturbed; do not curse life, but love it, not for itself, but as the preparation for a better one, as the prologue of an eternal poem of happiness, which God will give us there above. Love it as the farmer loves the furrow, to which he has confided the seeds, which he hopes, will be for the nutriment of life; as the exile loves the journey at the end of which he sees his fatherland.

FATHER AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO.

This world is but a school to train us for the life to come; and for most of us—nay, for all of us—the best preparation for eternity is the thorough and conscientious discharge of the present duties incumbent upon us.

DOM GASQUET, O. S. B.



The whole world is God's smithy, in which He forgeth His elect. Wouldst thou that God had no fire in the smithy, nor bellows, nor hammers? Fire—that is, shame and pain; bellows—that is, they who speak evil of thee; hammers—that is they who do thee harm.

FROM THE RULE FOR ANCHORESSES.



Man's life on earth is a perpetual warring; this is especially true of the real Christian, since he must fight against whatever hinders his spiritual welfare. He must fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and he is continually fighting. Thus it was with the Apostles and with the Martyrs, and thus it will be with good Christians;

God so desires, in order to give them greater glory in the life which is to come.

SAVONAROLA.



This alone is thy concern, to fight manfully, and never, however manifold thy wounds, to lay down thine arms, or to take to flight.

FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,  
If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice  
Were swept away, and all were satiate-smooth;

If this were such a heaven of soul and sense  
As some have dreamed of;—and we human still.

Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace

In this world, howsoever in the next:  
And what we win and hold is through much strife.

HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING.

It is not the victory which gives happiness to noble hearts—it is the struggle.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.



On awaking in the morning, the first thing to be observed by thine inward sight, is the listed field in which thou art enclosed, the law of the combat being, that he who fights not must lie there dead for ever.

FATHER LAURENCE SCUPOLI.



Have these three things always present in your mind: what you were, what you are, and what you shall be. SAINT BERNARD.



None can injure him who does not injure himself. SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



If our sensations have an incontestable influence upon our judgments, how comes it that we are so little careful of those things which awaken or modify these conditions? The external world is always reflected in

us as in a mirror, and fills our minds with pictures which, unconsciously to ourselves, become the germs of our opinions and of our rules of conduct. All the objects which surround us are then, in reality, so many talismans from whence good and evil influences are emitted. It is for us to choose them wisely, so as to create a heavenly atmosphere for our minds.

EMILE SOUVESTRE.



O let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your ear dull, or your attention flagging! Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep a good heart; be bold; draw not back; —you will be carried through. Whatever troubles come on you, of mind, body, or estate; from within or from without, from chance or from intent; from friends or foes; whatever your trouble be, though you be lonely, O children of a heavenly Father, be not afraid! quit you like men in your day; and when it is over, Christ will receive you to Himself, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The end and purpose of life and of time is nothing less than our Father's service.

BISHOP HEDLEY, O. S. B.



The first great maxim of human conduct—that which is all important to impress on the understandings of young men and to recommend to their hearty adoption—is, above all things, in all circumstances, and under every emergency, to preserve a clean heart and an honest purpose.

WILLIAM GASTON.



If we are obliged to live in the midst of this perverse world, it is at least indispensable that we guard against its maxims.

SAINT BERNARD.



God planted us just where we grow, and blossom and fruit must be drawn, not from the meadow on the other side of the road, or from the mountain beyond the valley, but from the soil now about our

roots, and the air and rain and sun above us playing on our leaves and branches.

EDWARD BERDOE.



Man may work, but if he is to work with success he must work in God's way. When you wish to erect a hill, you study to erect it so that Nature herself shall work for you and drive your machinery. In morals you must follow the same method, only you are here to seek to avail yourself not of nature but of grace. You must work, but you must work to let God Himself work in and for you. He has provided for the redemption of man from all evils, and your business is to accept and conform to His provision; and then it is no longer you that work but He that worketh in you and for you.

DR. BROWNSON.



Let each of us cultivate carefully the portion of soil, Providence has committed to our care. Let us never be hindered, or distracted by ambitious thoughts, that we could do better, or a false zeal tempting us

to forsake our daily task with the vain desire to outdo our neighbors. Let this one thought occupy our minds: To do well what is given us to do, for that is all that God requires at our hands. It may be summed up in four words: Simply, zealously, cheerfully, completely. GOLD DUST.



Be satisfied with the state in which God has placed thee, or, if at any time it is necessary to seek for anything beyond it, do so under the guidance of obedience.

FATHER PAUL, SÉGNÉRI.



That I may have courage—courage to be unmoved by the uncertainties of life, and without dread of loss, whether of friends, of health, or of fortune. That I may come with a firm and a tranquil mind to the work of this day, fearing nothing—ready to meet bravely failure or deprivation:

That I may bring to the day's efforts good humor and a cheerful regard for all with whom I may come in contact: that I may not judge others hastily or with bitterness:



That I may not be grasping, but content with a fair share of this world's goods, willing to let others have theirs: That I may be diligent in the performance of duties and cheerful in manner: That I may be earnest in the pursuit of the right:

That I may stand with open mind ready to receive the truth in small affairs and in large—whether in learning new and better methods, or in receiving that philosophy necessary to a brave, tranquil, well-poised, well-harmonized life.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



We are all of us like the weavers of the Gobelins, who, following out the pattern of a well-known artist, endeavor to match the threads of divers colors on the wrong side of the woof, and do not see the result of their labors. It is only when the texture is complete that they can admire at their ease those lovely flowers and figures, those splendid pictures, worthy of the palaces of kings. So it is with us. We work, we suffer, and we see neither the end nor the fruit. But

God sees it, and when He releases us from our task, He will disclose to our wondering eyes what He, the great Artist, everywhere present and invisible, has woven out of those toils that now seem so sterile, and He will then deign to hang up, in His palace of gold, the flimsy web that we have spun.

FREDERIC OZANAM.



There is one wish ruling over all mankind; and it is a wish which is never, in any single instance, granted. Each man wishes to be his own master. It is a boy's beatific vision, and it remains the grown-up man's ruling passion to the last. But the fact is, life is a service; the only question is, "Whom will we serve?"

FATHER FABER.



What more beautiful operation is there than is performed by the shadow of a well-regulated sun-dial which accurately marks the hours? And yet no one attributes it to the shadow, but to the sun, on which the

shadow depends. Even so dost thou depend  
on God.

FATHER PAUL SEGNERI.



The key-note of the harmonies of life, the cap-stone of human excellence, the majesty of man's best being are in this, that he is meant to reproduce in his personal conduct the complete and perfect expression of God's will. All the psalms ever sung, all the hymns ever chorused, and all the prayers ever prayed; if they mean anything at all mean only this: "Thy Will be done!" This is the theme of life; the rest is mere variation.

FATHER HUGH MAGEVNEY, S. J.



God alone knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good "Thy Will be done!"

FATHER DAMIEN.



He knows all who loves his God,  
And every other eye is dim  
Save theirs who hope and trust in Him.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

To walk in God's ways, to belong to Him, to be what He has willed us to be, and one day to lose ourselves in Him,—these are only reasonable desires. Will of my God, be mine, and continue till my latest breath to initiate me into the secret of Thy ever growing delights!

MADAME SWETCHINE.

\* \* \*

When God has marked out for us our way, we ought to follow it faithfully without thinking of another, under the pretext that it is more easy or more sure. It is one of the artifices of Satan to represent to our minds, some state, right and holy in itself, but which is impossible to us, or at least different to our own, to the end that we may displease God, by relaxing in the duties of the state in which He has placed us, and which must be the best for us.

SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

❖ ❖ ❖

If you persist in serving God in one place or one way rather than another, you are serving Him according to your own will,

not His; but if you are ready to go anywhere and do anything, if you leave yourself to be moulded entirely by His Providence, putting no limits to your submission, this is indeed taking up your cross and following Him. FENELON.



If we love God with a love of appreciation above all persons and things created, nothing will draw us from His will. This effective love may be calm, and with little if any, sensible emotion; but it reigns in the soul, and governs the life in deed, word, and thought; restraining from all that God condemns, and prompting to all that God commands or wills.—CARDINAL MANNING.



True progress consists in passing from small things to greater ones.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



Our happiness as well as duty lies in not going beyond our measure—in being contented with what we are—with what

God makes us. They who seek after forbidden knowledge, of whatever kind, will find that they have lost their place in the scale of beings in so doing, and are cast out of the great circle of God's family.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



Small things are best;  
Grief and unrest  
To rank and wealth are given;  
But little things  
On little wings  
Bear little souls to heaven.

FATHER FABER.



Little things! Life and Death, prosperity and ruin, happiness and misery, hang upon little things; they are like the linch-pin to the wheel, on which depends the safety of the vehicle; they are like the rudder to the vast mass it guides; like the slender nerves to the bulky muscles.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



Our salvation hereafter depends mostly upon the ordinary actions of our daily lives. I do not refer solely to our devotions, but to our customary routine, our little occupations, our conversations and recreations. On the last day you will not be asked what role you played in the theater of life, but whether you played your part well. We must perform our daily works, even the smallest, with a proper disposition and to please God.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.



Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have  
thought,  
They go out from us, thronging every hour :  
And in them all is folded up a power  
That on the earth doth move them to and  
fro ;  
And mighty are the marvels they have  
wrought,  
In hearts we know not and may never know !  
Our actions travel, and are veiled ; and yet  
We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of  
one,

When out of sight its march hath wellnigh  
gone;  
An unveiled thing which we can ne'er forget.  
All sins it gathers up into its course,  
And they do grow with it and are its force;  
One day, with dizzy speed, that thing shall  
come,  
Recoiling on the heart that was its home.

FATHER FABER.



The best perfection is the performance  
of common things in a perfect manner. A  
constant fidelity in little things, is a great,  
and heroic virtue. SAINT BONAVENTURE.



Even little actions are great when they  
are done well; so that a little action done  
with a desire to please God is more accept-  
able to Him, and gives Him more glory,  
than a great work done with less fervor.  
We must, then, give particular attention  
to the performance of little works, which  
are easiest, and are constantly within our  
reach, if we wish to advance in friendship  
with God. SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience. And little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart, and conscience. We need not be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

CARDINAL MANNING.



Straight and firm mark out the furrow,  
Drop therein the golden grain,  
Do thy task and rise tomorrow,  
Ready to begin again.  
One day like another passing,  
Acts and deeds of little show,  
Garnered seeds may be amassing,  
Whence the harvest field shall grow.

Bravely, then, the ploughshare driving,  
Faint not, nor withdraw thy hand,  
Duties done by earnest striving  
Leave their traces o'er the land.

Hard the labor, few the pleasures,  
Dull the task no others share,  
But each step that duty measures  
Leads us up a golden stair.

THE LEAFLET.



Trifles make perfection, but perfection  
itself is no trifle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.



A man is to be judged, not by words,  
but by deeds, which have the truest weight  
of affection or disaffection.

FATHER ROBERT PARSONS, S. J.



The highest and most perfect kind of life  
does not consist in one occupation more than  
another, not in severe penances, not in active  
zeal, not in works of self-denying charity,  
not in living remote from all in order to  
spend one's life in contemplation and prayer,  
but simply in doing the Will of God from  
day to day.

FATHER CLARKE, S. J.



It is in the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



There are not good things enough in the world to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee—  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



The fulfilment of duty is so necessary to our good, that even sorrows and death, which seem to be our most immediate evils, are accepted with joy.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Be faithful in every jot and tittle. The smallest infidelity is like a stitch dropped in knitting; it spoils the whole work

BLESSED MOTHER BARAT.



Listen—and meditate; be content with little; from the straight path never swerve aside; let your hand and mind be pure; never keep a truce with the wicked, nor utter words which countenance vice or deride virtue.

MANZONI.



Do you wish never to be sad? Then live rightly.

SAINT ISIDORE OF SEVILLE.



Old duties, welcome! So you're back again,  
What! is there languor in the extended  
hand?

It must not be. Life is an earnest thing,  
Strong, neutral background whereon Heaven  
shall paint

Eternity with colors of today.

Welcome, our duties! stand across the years,  
Unfold each day, and wrap each solemn  
night

In your approving smile. And life shall be  
Calm in the strength that suffers and en-  
dures;  
Patient and prayerful 'mid the hosts of  
wrong;  
Divinely human where the ignoble err.  
So shall the soul be happy in its God,  
When duty signs the cross above our graves.

SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON.



There is no situation which may not be made the occasion for the acquirement or exercise of a virtue, whether it be prudence or patience or humility or courage or politeness or sincerity or contentedness. When all happenings are contemplated and made use of in this spirit, the soul is filled with joy and peace. Little by little we come to feel that to live is to grow, and we welcome all that offers opportunity to increase inner strength and worth, hardly caring whether it be pleasant or disagreeable.

BISHOP SPALDING.



What God does He does well; it is His Providence that directs us, when it calls us to perform a part on the stage of the world.

CHATEAUBRIAND.



The duties of life are the commands of the same God who forbids sin.

SAINT EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.



Set your affairs in order, and fulfil your public and domestic duties with the justice, moderation, and good faith that befit Christians who do not forget that death is inevitable; and that thought will be to you a source of light, consolation and confidence.

FENELON.



No eulogy is due him who simply does his duty and nothing more.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.



Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for tomorrow,  
So each day begin again.

Every day that flits so slowly  
Has some task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.  
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



He who wishes to render to God none but great and brilliant services and neglects the daily and ordinary duties of his calling gives the clearest proof that he has neither the right idea of God nor the desire to please Him. In the service of God no actions of ours can, of themselves, be called either great or small. What gives them real dignity and merit is the object or end for which they are performed. All that we can do is to keep that end constantly in view and leave nothing undone to further it.

FATHER WENINGER, S. J.



He does much in the eyes of God who does his best, let it be ever so little. Our Lord does not look so much at what we do, as at what we are able to do, and with what good-will we do it.

SAINT PETER OF ALCANTARA.

Thou must be lord and master of thine  
own actions, and not be a slave or a hire-  
ling.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.



To leave the world a name is nought :  
To leave a name for glorious deeds  
And works of love,  
A name to waken lightning thought  
And fire the soul of him who reads,  
This tells above.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.



Contradiction should awaken attention,  
not passion.

SAINT BASIL.



There is much self-denial in restraining  
our disposition to do all we feel prompted  
to do. It may be a very great act of pa-  
tience to leave undone what we would like  
to see done at once. It may be a great  
act of humility to suffer those about us  
to see that we are as weak as others in the  
flesh. The valor of the valiant woman  
without her prudence is not wisdom. Love



for the order, love for the community, love for the poor,—well, that is best shown by keeping oneself able, not by disabling oneself.

ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.



Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured  
    forth;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING.



We must avoid every kind of affectation,  
whether it be in talking, dressing or anything else.

SAINT PHILIP NERI.



Prudent pauses, forward business.

SAINT ALPHONSUS.



Those who never retract their opinions  
love themselves more than they do truth.

JOSEPH JOUBERT.

The strength of a man is in his sympathies: it is outside himself, as heat is outside fire, the aroma outside the flower. A man without sympathies for all that is crude, undeveloped, upheaving, as well as for what has been shaken to the top and is out of the pressure, is not a full, and must be an unhappy man.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



Our actual wants have definite conditions and limits; our fictitious ones obey no interior law, but run wild without rule or measure.

MADAME SWETCHINE.



It is enough to have bread, and to live in the faith of Christ.

MICHAEL ANGELO.



Nothing is so likely to corrupt our hearts, and to seduce us from God, as to surround ourselves with comforts,—to have things our own way,—to be the center of a sort of world, whether of things animate or inanimate, which minister to us. For

then, in turn, they will become necessary to us; their service and adulation will lead us to trust ourselves to them.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



True wealth consists in health, vigor, and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary and contempt of all that is superfluous.

FENELON.



Half our difficulty in doing anything worthy of our high calling, is the shrinking anticipation of its possible after-consequences. But if Peter had tarried and cast up all that was to come, the poverty, and wandering, and solitude, and lonely old age.... it may be he would have been neither an Apostle nor a Christian.

CARDINAL MANNING.



No, my Lord, it is not through fault of Thine that those who love Thee do not do great things for Thee; the fault is in

our own cowardice and fears, because we never do anything without mingling with it a thousand apprehensions and human considerations.

SAINT TERESA.



To be dissatisfied and fret about the world when we must of necessity be in it, is a great temptation. The providence of God is wiser than we. We fancy that by changing our ships we shall get on better; yes, if we change ourselves. I am sworn enemy of these useless, dangerous, and bad desires.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



We are not among those who are given to over-much complaining. We have an especial antipathy to the whole brood of grumblers, and croakers, and murmurers. We have nothing to do with despair. Hope is our watchword, and our rallying-cry. We love to fix our attention on the brightest, sunniest spot of every picture. If, as we look around us, we see many things which offend our eyes; if, as we listen to the onward march of passing events, we hear much

which jars on our ears; if, as we compare things as they are with things as we would rather have them be, we find on every side ample room for improvement; we are bound to confess that we see much that is encouraging, hear much which gladdens our hearts, and daily meet with fresh reasons for thankfulness and gratitude.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee,  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things.  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting:  
Alone God sufficeth.

SAINT TERESA.



Instability is the characteristic of things we see. Neither winter nor summer, nor spring nor autumn, is permanent: all are running, flying, and flowing past. Why,

should I speak of fading flowers, of dignities of kings that are today and tomorrow cease to be; of rich men, of magnificent houses, of night and day, of the sun and the moon? For the moon wanes, and the sun is sometimes eclipsed and often darkened with clouds. Of things visible, in short, is there anything that endures forever? Nothing!—no, not anything in us but the soul and that we neglect.

SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.



There is no time to stop and prepare for the journey of death, even if we would. God demands the last day's labor as well as the first. He seems to say: "Never mind death. I will take care of that. It is for you to take care of life." Just in the right time the hand will be laid on our shoulder, the word whispered in the ear. We must leave the sewing undone, the floor unswept, the plough in the furrow, the story untold, the song unsung. We may not, perchance, even kiss our loved ones good-bye. But let us so strive to live that

we may say: "Yea, Lord, I am ready, always ready; for I need no money or luggage on this journey. My hand is in Thine, like a trusting child. I am glad to be nearer to Thee Father, to feel more closely the warmth of Thy breast. What I have missed and failed in, Thou knowest; my poor, feeble, futile efforts to serve Thee, Thou knowest also. There is no prop nor stay but in perfect trust. It is all the cloak or covering I need. I have lived on the river's brink all my life; now I am to cross with the Great Pilot. I thought I knew life here."



As surely as night follows day in this life, so surely a day of retribution and of judgment will follow death. The votaries of the world, and of its sinful pleasures, will then call on it in vain; in vain will they cry to those objects in which alone they trusted: alas! they shall not find even a trace of them left behind. This world, which now seems so secure to them, will then have passed away, as the shadows of night flee before the rising sun, and the place

thereof shall know it no more. O world! so weak, so vain, what art thou but a dream? and shall I put my trust in thee; when I feel that even the enjoyment of thy most tempting pleasures leaves nothing but emptiness and vanity behind? Art thou not ashamed, O world! to deck with magnificent and splendid titles, the wretched things with which thou leadest us astray? Alas! at the moment thou appearest to us most lovely, thou lurest us to destruction. In one hand is thy sparkling cup, in the other thy poisoned dagger.—Away from me, vain world! In will put my trust in my God, and walk in the light of my Redeemer Jesus Christ. FENELON.



I do not tell you to forget hell.... But for once you think of hell, think ten times of the bright heaven which your Father has prepared for you. FATHER FABER.



Joy with peace, amendment of life, grant unto me, O Almighty and Merciful Lord. Amen. ROMAN BREVIARY.



O Love, who formedst me to wear  
The Image of Thy Godhead here:  
Who soughtest me with tender care  
Through all my wanderings wild and drear  
O Love, I give myself to Thee, .  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise  
From out this dying life of ours;  
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies  
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers:  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

JOHANNES SCHEFFLER.



Very quickly must thou be gone from  
hence; see then how matters stand with  
thee. A man is here today and tomorrow  
he is vanished. And when he is taken away  
from sight he is quickly also out of mind.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.



Whether we think of death or whether  
we forget it, whether we serve God or

neglect Him, life in spite of us is all the while a minute and detailed preparation for death.

FATHER FABER.



Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.

I. COR. 2. 9.



Our life here on earth is lived in the twilight,—a twilight made up of mingled beams from heaven and from hell. In eternity we shall know no twilight, but only the full brightness of a cloudless noonday, or else the utter darkness of a starless night; that is to say, either the day of supremest happiness, which men call heaven, or the deep night of quenchless woe, which they call hell. These are the two permanent states, and there, is no other; so one of these must be ours when life at last is done.

BISHOP JOHN VAUGHAN.



O God, whom not having seen we love, and know for that which not knowing we

desire, bring us home to Thee; each of us, all of us, from any height or depth, at any time, with or without anything or all things; only bring us, ourselves, our very selves, all ourselves to Thine Own Presence, which is our home; bring us home one to another, all home to Thee, by Him who is our Way and our Door, Thy Son, our only Hope, Jesus Christ. Amen.

\* \* \*

We believe that Thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

We pray Thee, therefore, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints: in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thy inheritance;

And govern them: and lift them up for ever.

\* \* \*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

## Jerusalem the Golden

---

Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, O, I know not,  
What joys await us there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

'There is the throne of David;  
And there from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
'The song of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jeuss, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD DE MORLAIX.



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